

THE DEACON'S DAY.

By M. QUAD.
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Deacon Hardstone of Riverton was a good man. He was a man of years and dignity. He was a man always to be found on the side of law and order and charity. The only thing in this world that troubled him and his good wife was the fact that they had a nephew over at Saltville who was a loud young man. Money had been left him by an aunt, and he sported. He not only sported at home, despite the protests of his widowed mother, but he came over to Riverton and sported there. The deacon struggled and struggled with him, but it did no good. He would drink cocktails, and he would speed his auto around the town and on the highways, and finally he was ordered out of the deacon's house and told never to return. Then the sporty youth began to study how to get even.

Now, the deacon had a weakness for sweet cider, though he didn't go falling it around. When cider making time came he carried apples to the mill and had one barrel of cider made—never more. The cider would retain its sweetness for about a month. When it began to get an edge on it, it was provided with "mother" and rolled aside to become vinegar.

Of course this little one barreled affair was known to the nephew, and after a little thought he saw his way clear. When the apples and the barrel had been taken to the mill he was ready with his plot. Perhaps he had the aid of the owner of the mill, but that has never been satisfactorily settled. There are thirty-two gallons of cider in the average barrel. How many gallons of something else went into the barrel has not yet been solved by Sherlock Holmes. It was sufficient, no matter what the number.

When the deacon went after his barrel it was ready for him, and never did a cider barrel look more innocent. It was rolled down cellar to cool and was not tapped until the afternoon of the next day. Then the deacon's wife went out to visit a neighbor, and he put a spigot in the barrel and drew a glass to drink. He had been drinking cider for twenty-three years, but never did cider taste like that before. It had a peculiar taste. It had an agreeable taste. The palate just cried out for more. The deacon gave it more. He was a little bit frightened when he found himself laughing, for he had not laughed for sixteen years by the almanac, but he drew another glass and slowly sipped it and figured that he must have mixed a lot of Seek No Further for a good thing. Who can tell just how many glasses of sweet cider a man will drink under favorable conditions? You can't even guess at it.

When Deacon Hardstone ascended from the cellar his eyes were shining and his hair curling. He put on his hat and walked out to the gate, wondering why his heels were so springy, and down by the postoffice he saw an auto. It was the one belonging to his sporty nephew. He walked down there to give the young man a blast, but not finding him, he was seized with a sudden desire to take a ride all by his lonesome. He had been shown how to start and stop the machine. Before leaping in he whooped. He didn't mean to whoop, but the whoop sorter whooped itself. Then he whooped again as he started off.

The town of Riverton will never forget that day. In fact, it is observed as a sort of holiday under the name of "deacon's day." He put that auto at its fastest clip and went up and down the four or five streets. He drove everybody within doors. He immobilized twenty different runaways. He whooped at the corners, and he whooped in the middle of the blocks. Sometimes he whooped and swung his hat at the same time.

When this happened the machine either grased a tree or took to the sidewalk and cleared off the keroseene barrels in front of the groceries. Of course it was plain that something was wrong, and a hundred people would have extended help if they could, but the trouble was they couldn't.

But they stopped the deacon at last. They piled dry goods boxes on the street and ran him into a millinery store and captured him. He was still whooping, but he didn't fight back when they carried him home and put him to bed. Of course there was something done about it. No deacon can perform that way after so many years of probity without a bit of scandal following. He had to toe the mark before following. He was dimly conscious that he had drunk too much cider, and he intended to own up like a man and ask that the contents of the barrel be investigated. He was saved from this, however. A brother deacon suggested that he submit his head for medical examination, and the suggestion was followed. A doctor felt of his bumps, asked him a lot of questions and then made a medical report to the effect:

"This is to certify that I have carefully examined into the mental condition of Deacon Hardstone, and I find that his late performance was begot, superinduced, encouraged and finally developed by what is known to alienists as a brainstorm. I don't think he'll be dangerous again for several years to come."

And after the charges against the deacon had been dropped he went home and said to his wife:

"Should our nephew Henry call and ask to be forgiven for drinking cocktails I think we'll try and do it, and tomorrow I'll knock the bung out of that barrel and let it begin to sour."

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

acts gently yet promptly on the bowels; cleanses the system effectually; assists one in overcoming habitual constipation permanently.

To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine.

MANUFACTURED BY THE CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SOLD BY LEADING DRUGGISTS 50¢ A BOTTLE

MRS. H. CLAY PIERCE.

Bride of Oil Magnate a Noted Beauty and Society Queen.

The name of H. Clay Pierce, the multimillionaire oil magnate of New York and St. Louis, will hereafter appear quite frequently in a part of the newspaper where it has heretofore not appeared.

After that Frey perhaps may have his first kiss from the wife he abandoned, but she will not even grant him a handshake until she feels that every man, woman and child in Warren county, N. J., from the Delaware back to the mountains, knows that she is guilty of murder and infidelity and the man who came out of oblivion with all the anticipation of a wooer admits that her decision is right and is willing to bide his time.

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WIFE'S DAY OF TRIUMPH

Exhibits Returned Husband to Prove He is Alive

AND SHE NO MURDERESS

Those Who Suspected Her Ask Forgiveness—She Hasn't Pardoned Man Who Flew 14 Years Ago and He Must Woo Again.

Phillipsburg, N. J., Aug. 21.—Up and down the Pohatcong and the Musconetcong valleys and over the hills between, drove George Frey and his wife, all day Wednesday through the pouring rain, that all the countryside might see he is alive and know that she was not his murderess, also that all might know he believed she had been true through all the fourteen dreary years since he ran away and left her and his son. On Thursday they went to the annual picnic of the farmers at Belvidere to further spread the vindication of the long shunned and suspected woman and the news of the husband's return.

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THE NAME

RYDALE'S

on any package is a guarantee of HIGH MERIT.

All of RYDALE'S REMEDIES are the Prescriptions of Eminent Specialists or long tried Recipes, Compounded from the Purest Drugs by SKILLED CHEMISTS.

We call Especial Attention to the following, all of which are sold on a POSITIVE GUARANTEE.

RYDALE'S COUGH ELIXIR For Chronic Coughs, Bronchitis and Consumption.

RYDALE'S STOMACH TABLETS For Indigestion and Dyspepsia.

RYDALE'S LIVER TABLETS For Chronic Constipation and Torpid Liver.

RYDALE'S KIDNEY REMEDY For all diseases of Kidneys and Bladder.

RYDALE'S CATARRH REMEDY The only absolute cure for Catarrh in the head, ever discovered.

The Rydale Remedy Company, Newport News, Va.

every village has its tavern for drovers with fat wallets.

So things began to grow bad and they grew worse throughout the seventeen years the Freys lived together on the farm near Broadway. The wife said so Wednesday and the husband admitted it, adding that he has become a total abstainer since he ran away. But he hasn't any answer to questions why he never wrote to his wife and never sent her a dollar.

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WIDOW WANTS U. S. SENATOR

Mrs. Hartman Falls in Love With Borah's Picture

NOT KNOWING HE HAS WIFE

Asks for a Husband, But Really Wants Him—Statesman, to Widow's Regret, Has Asked Men in Overalls to Offer Their Hands.

Chicago, Aug. 21.—"It is better to have loved a picture and lost than never to have loved at all." Thus spoke Mrs. Grace Hartman, a charming widow, with big dark eyes, masses of waving brown hair, and graceful, though buxom figure, as she fondly looked at and caressed a photograph of United States Senator W. E. Borah of Idaho.

The senator married at thirty, fourteen years ago, but the widow does not know even yet that he has a wife. She wrote a letter, inclosing her own photograph, asking him to get her a husband. She says, however, it was really the senator that she wanted. She hoped he would recognize his soul's affinity by her appeal and rush to her arms. She fell in love with Mr. Borah's photograph published in a magazine, and realized at once that he was the only man in the world who could make her happy.

"I didn't really want him to get me a husband," said Mrs. Hartman. "I wanted Senator Borah himself. I thought that if in the manner I adopted his attention was called to me, his soul must tell him of the yearning I felt. I thought there must be a response in the senator's soul."

"I am afraid the atmosphere of Washington is not suited to the transmission of soul messages. So the senator did not see the point and is trying to get me an Idaho husband in overalls. It is really awfully dear of him, but a woman knows what she wants. My plan was too subtle, I'm afraid."

"His soul has failed to respond to the yearnings of my heart, but his photograph will ever be cherished by me as that of the ideal man. I will always love this photograph, how noble—how handsome—how full of divine love he looks in all one feels, but none of the sentiments with which I have endowed him."

Mrs. Hartman, who says she is thirty-five, but looks more like forty-five, has been a widow six years. Though Idaho's lawyer-statesman has failed to respond to her "soul message," other hearts in Idaho have been set beating by her appeal for a husband. Here are sample paragraphs from some of the marriage offers she has received:

1. I will marry you if you are a work-ing woman—but of you be 'an of these sossity dames, I don't. Good by, write soon. Oscar Johnson, Pasterlo.

2. From the tone of your letter it seems that you must have loved someone desperately. Are you sure that love is obliterated and that you could honestly be devoted to another? William Horst, Mampa.

3. I am the man in the overalls. I am "haching" on a 240-acre farm. If you really think a woman can love and labor at once, let us try it. Edward J. Cornovan, Long Lake, Idaho.

4. I have not much of a life to offer a woman. It is on the farm here. I rise at 2 a. m. and go harvesting. I don't get home until dark, and then I work two hours. I want a wife, but I can't see why any woman would want to share this life. William Dittman, Taylor, Idaho.

5. You say, "Nothing doing but overalls." All right. I'll have mine made by a good tailor. I know a woman of your intelligence doesn't want to see a man looking frowzy.

"Certainly if I were looking for a husband from the great prairies of Idaho I have every opportunity to select one," said Mrs. Hartman, blushing. "There are scores of letters and all of them are from men who appear to be in earnest."

"But I do not think I shall make a selection from among them. My little ruse has failed. I shall fall back upon my original love, the old picture in my writing desk. It's Senator Borah—or no one."

No Use of Stopping. Nervous Friend—I-I almost fancy you've run into some one. Hadn't you better stop? Experienced Driver—What for? The car's running beautifully. I can tell in a minute if anything's damaged.—Bystander.

Against All Tradition. "That wealthy old fellow is a queer chap." "How so?" "Never claims he was happier when he was poor. Always says he's happier now."—Kansas City Journal.

Use to the Place. Mrs. Hoyle—The force of habit is a great thing. Mrs. Doyle—That's so. My husband has got into the habit of going to church, and he can't sleep anywhere else.—New York Herald.

Remedies are Needed. Were we perfect, which we are not, medicines would not often be needed. But since our systems have become weakened, impaired and broken down through indigestions which have gone on from the early age, through countless generations, remedies are needed to aid Nature in correcting our inherited and otherwise acquired weaknesses. To reach the seat of stomach weakness and consequent digestive troubles, there is nothing so good as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a glyceric compound, extracted from native medicinal roots—sold for over forty years with great satisfaction to all users. For Weak Stomach, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Pain in the Stomach after eating, Heartburn, Bad Breath, Belching of food, Chronic Diarrhea and other Intestinal Derangements, the "Discovery" is a time-proven and most efficient remedy.

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